



# Oz is dead

## LONG LIVE THE QUEEN

This is the last issue of OZ, a magazine which was first published six years ago next April.

The cause of our demise, *inter alia*, a lack of readers. Some would blame this on the quality of the magazine, although we prefer to think that the character of the magazine has changed, rather than its quality.

When the magazine began it sailed its colours to the mast of SATIRE, although it was in fact never more than 50% satire, even at its best. After us came the satirical deluge, including "Mavis Bevanston", which originally boasted its "OZ NEWSROOM". Then there was the Court Case and boom days were with us — but an artificial boom depending on a false reputation for "obscenity" rather than satire.

It was inevitable that the boom would burst and we would turn of telling the same old targets. God, Queen and RSL. Martin Sharp and Richard Neville left for England, where they commenced the still successful London OZ — a departure from order to hippodrome. We knew of no other Australian magazine that has begun a London edition with so much success — we went patently, if a little forlornly, for our "Export Action Award".

In Australia we began an association with the young producer Jim Sharman and presented (in Sydney) the OZ STAGE OZ, which had a jolly time being pushed from theatre to theatre, and "Spot of My Mad Mother". Culturally brilliant, financially disastrous. Our association with Jim Sharman sprung up again last year with the production of "Terror Australia" at the Old Tote, for which Patrick White attempted to defend us from addidition reviews.

With the departure of Neville and Sharp, a more serious tone was injected into the magazine. Some people perferred this, others didn't. We became the first publication to reveal the name of Archbishop Gough's untimely demise just as we were the first to label that

great Ugly American, Mr Ed the Talking Horse. We walked into a \$300,000 libel suit from a gentleman whom the Sydney Press (with the notable exception of the Telegraph) have finally decided to expose.

But this was the beginning of the end. At this stage we did not have the money necessary to prosecute the now kind of magazine we were producing, which needed a new kind of reader. Advertising continued to elude us. Gordon & Gotch continued to refuse to distribute us, we continued to be crippled by minor interference and major incompetence.

Australia has changed a good deal in the six years we have been in publication. We have passed from the arrogance of Menzies to the liberalism of Gorton, from paternalism, through incompetence, to improvisation. The country has passed from a pathetic state of inferiority to a brutal kind of progress. We like the new mood and the new leadership no better than the old.

The Press has become so more responsible for giving the public a true grasp of reality. Even Murdoch has become more interested in keeping up the most big newspaper in the world than an honest editorial policy.

It has been decided that if OZ is a minority taste it will be run as a minority publication. For those interested, an OZ Newsletter will

continue to be published each month, commencing February, presenting our version of what is really happening, as opposed to what the papers tell. Without any of the delays of printing and distribution we can present with more immediacy and frankness our point of view. It will be available only on subscription (\$2.40 a year) and will appear regularly. It will contain our political correspondent's columns, plus various items, previously described as "Photographs" or included as "Only My Deary Day".

All subscriptions to Box H143, OZTRALIA SQUARE, SYDNEY.

We are glad to have Martin Sharp back for a brother as what he laughingly calls "Down Under". We are grateful to those readers who have stuck by us through all kinds of natural and unnatural disaster.

Good Evening,  
Richard Walsh

### Dramatis personæ

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**AUSTRALIAN**  
*Telegraph*  
**Terror**

Tough days in Sydney and  
Africans were under-  
standable — even if they  
were all wrong.

It was hard to believe mountains other than Japan would be interested in importing Australian wood chips.

"An example of this is that Australian dancers are considered among the best in the world, if not the best. What because they are working all the time."

The Aussie Side did  
day at Somers Beach

boots, slouch hat - - - that's what our new Miss World had to wear as "national costume" at the Variety Club dinner for the contestants at London's Savoy Hotel

**IF AUSTRALIA** is soon to have a new national anthem, why not set a precedent for poets and have two national anthems? One to be known officially as the national song, and one for daily and weekly waving also in times of martial law — **JOHN GUNTRAM**

Australian Max Fuller is near the bottom of a field in the Hastings New Congress on Tuesday after recording a low and a defeat in the P's matches.

**T**HE WANA fight with grim determination, the Tammies, led by members, had the Aardies beat about the time of a piece evening and beginning the whole race.

2 AUSTRALIANS are not  
noted for their inventiveness  
but when they do invent  
something it is usually superb.

Australian doctors have long ago shown that they are in the front line of all world developments in medicine. A constant stream goes overseas to study new techniques in special fields.

**World's Softest Margarine**

...can  
get out  
again?"  
Burchett  
asks



Rubypoly Pope John was one of the best loved men of our time and we consider it high time that he was made a saint. Like all the other 39 names.

But he is two verified miracles away from sanctification and strong devil's advocate has been drawn against him. So, now is the time to start recalling any miracles through the intercession of our late spiritual father which you witnessed.

Remember, a miracle is a marvellous event defying the laws of nature and involving some supernatural agency. Whittening qualities of detergents, speedability of margarine and pecuniary gains on greyhounds cannot be considered. Please bear in mind that many Australian clients taste whisky, Redfame fishermen and Colobry.

Burnettes go a long way, paracetamol is frequently successful in cases of leprosy and fireballs are quite common on the roads around Tarsus.

Tell us what Pope John did for your family. But don't be discouraged if you or any Catholic friend had an acceptable vision then Rome needs you. Fill out the coupon below and rush to your nearest confessional box. Our moral representative will call.

YES, POPE JOHN WORKED  
FOR ME

My new favourite movies are:

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 278: 1023-1028.
2. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 278: 1029-1034.

**Abstract** The purpose of this study was to determine whether there were differences in the prevalence of self-reported depression between men and women who had been exposed to violence during childhood and adulthood. Data from the National Longitudinal Study of Adolescent Health (*N = 9,800*) were used to examine the association between exposure to violence and self-reported depression among adolescents. Results showed that exposure to violence during childhood and adulthood was associated with higher rates of self-reported depression. Furthermore, the association between exposure to violence and self-reported depression was stronger for women than for men.

I can be interrogated at

relaxation time  $\tau_{\text{relax}}$

I last confided on Sunday the  
196



## THEO WORLD

### MAKING POSTER SLIDES

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## THIRD WORLD

## BOOKSHOP

Published in English for the first time last year, the diaries of Che Guevara must be accounted among the most important documents of this century. The diary, covering November 1966 to October 1967, ended hours before his death at the hands of a drunken Bolivian sergeant.

However the Yankee editors who published the diaries claim that several pages have been "lost". Q2 refutes this with a triumphant publication of these pages, formerly suppressed by the obnoxious revisionists. These pages are copyright and they shall not be reproduced in any form whatsoever without the permission of the publishers.



## ENERO

(4)

A tenuous day. We approached several villages waving our rifles as welcome. They ran off quickly. I am afraid that that idea of Maroon was not so good. If we are to make friends here with the people we should not eat them.

(5)

We are forced to eat a low ranking officer. The meal of the area is low indeed. Maroon has upset me by referring to the sudden onrush of gray hair on my head. This is true, however it is more than compensated by my beard which is coming along nicely. I spared one village for life when he took my photo. However I fear his camera was without film.

(6)

Another unsuccessful day. The weather was very bad. I shoot 4 monkeys.

## MARZO

(14)

Pancho's birthday. After a day of marching around a rubber plant (we are surrounded at the moment and cannot move) we fell down, weary at dusk. We quickly learned on black beans. But Pancho belched and was shot dead by a stray bullet. I will miss him.



The First International

## ABRIL

(5)

I had to speak to Moro, his crude jokes infuriate the men. When I asked him why he insisted on talking at inappropriate times he replied that he thought it was April Fool's day. - It shows how slowly the days pass here.

(5)

Pope became hysterical at morning tea. I had to explain that our mission sometimes meant giving up things like sugar. He talked for the rest of the afternoon. I was forced to speak to Moro again.

## JUNIO

(9)

In an attempt to learn about the tactics of the district I took a peasant aside and questioned him. He was co-operative but frightened. Perhaps I should have combed my beard first.

(10)

A day of frolic and pork. Soon it will be 39, already I feel the push coming from the younger fighters. I indeed would a few. I think Pao's men will mend quickly.

## JULIO

(4)

Last night I was visited by (first mentioned) who told me that it was in my best interest to make sure that (first mentioned) I will act on this information immediately. One of the daughters may well have gone.

(5)

She does indeed have power. This places an entirely different light on things. I counted five corpses and paid her handsomely. After I left I believe the corpses got up and went home. I feel I was cheated.



AND NOW! IT'S



JOHNSON  
AND  
NIXON

LAUGH



THE

IN



YES! AND FOR LAUGH-IN'S "MOD MOD WORLD", DENOLD I GIVE YOU THAT'S IN OUR TIME



NOW FOLKS, IT'S "SOCK IT TO ME" TIME



HE STOPPED ALL THIS



SOCK IT TO ME

WELL, THIS IS BEAUTIFUL, DOWNTOWN BURBANK

BAW



"YOU KNOW THEN" WE SEEM TO HAVE SOLVED ALL YOUR ELECTION ISSUES



FOR GORBAKOV STOP LAUGHING, THIS IS SERIOUS

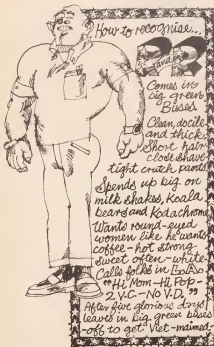


There is  
For the





## Martin Sharp: Expatriatism



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## Hansard 1968

Mr GORTON—It is curious that, being a man of peace (Harold Holt) should have persisted over one of the greatest build-ups of military power that Australia has found itself engaged in.

(12/2/68)

Mr ANDREW JONES—I did not begrudge him (Pier Kerry Sembach) his right to hand out how-to-vote cards, but I did object to his wearing the Queen's uniform in so doing and in attempting to solicit votes on behalf of our party. I then did not order him but advised him to take off his uniform. I gave him 30 minutes to do so.

(13/2/68)

Mr LYNCH The interrogator did to most the best at the woman, bang the table and proceed to pour some water down the woman's throat.

(14/3/68)

Mr STEWART—The Minister for Defence (Furball).... is the man who described the F-111 as "A superb bird, the greatest thing with wings since angels. It is the Cadillac of the Air".

(5/6/68)

Mr IRWIN I was taken up the hill by the honourable member for MacKellar (Westworth). He said: "This is the place for the new Parliament. Old Bob wants it down on the lake, but you stick to the hill."

(15/8/68)

Mr JAMES—"Inside North Vietnam".... was produced by Felix Greene, who was born in Great Britain and lived the greater part of his life in the United States of America. A Roman Catholic by faith, I believe he is brother to Graham Greene, the Roman Catholic author.

Mr Andrew Jones—And a Communist?

(29/6/68)

Mr UREN In Leningrad I attended a concert where 4,000 young people listened to music ranging from folk songs to songs of the Beatles. I felt a warmth radiating from the whole audience, I looked and I thought that there was some hope for the future.

(29/6/68)

# PHIZZGIGS

## Ducking for cover

Australia's mysterious duck feather king, as he is described in his promotional literature, refused to Australia in time for Christmas and a big fat cheque from the Melbourne Sun-Pictorial.

The king is Mr Keith Hyland, who manufactures pillows in South East Asia, and the cheque was for allowing a reporter to write his first-person story of ten months' imprisonment by the Viet Cong.

The Sun-Pic let him off the hook for long enough to give a press conference when he arrived at Sydney Airport, and reporters were anxious to see how well he looked, and how disinterestedly — and vaguely — he spoke of his "ten months of terror".

In fact, there was only one moment when his composure broke and that was at the end of the interview, when a reporter asked him to comment on stories that his factory in Cholam (the VC part of Saigon) could not have survived for so long unless he had been co-operating with the Viet Cong.

Mr Hyland, being nudged forward by the Sun-Pic man, replied "Do you want to get me killed?"

It was an odd reply, but no odder than his earlier leave (and equally uninformative) answers to questions about why he, as a civilian, had been held for so long, why a guerrilla band would want him as its first prize,

why, after ten months, they had suddenly let him go for no return, why he had said he was "going into hiding", why he felt it would be dangerous for him to comment on the war, why he felt it was unsafe to say whether Australian and American intelligence had questioned him, and why his wife and baby daughter, whom (according to the Sun-Pic) he had never seen, had stayed in Bangkok rather than coming back with him.

The basis of the question was, no doubt, the rumour that Mr Hyland's "duck feather pillows" were more use than normal pillows in a pillow fight, and that he had lots of buyers who fled pillows quite awkward to tote through the jungle. And that something had gone wrong in his happy family business, and some of his customers were keen to ask him why.

No one had a chance to ask him about this scandalous, but interesting story but there is no doubt he would come through any interview looking as well as he did after his press conference, or, indeed, his ten months of terror.

As one sweating and bleary reporter commented at the airport: "If that's what ten months with the VC can do for you, I'll go to Hue instead of the Gold Coast for my holidays."

In September, the pillowe girl of swimming, Linda McGill, got sore with drink with a friend and knocked off five road lamps in London (Eric's Court, naturally).

Both were seen and apprehended by

the local dogberry, one Sergeant Bulbridge who told a West London magistrate, Mr Collins, that they had admitted doing it for a joke.

Miss McGill said "It was just a silly prank. We really had no use for them."

Her friend said "It was a terrible mistake."

Mr Collins fined them the grand total of \$8.75 each, and discharged them for a year. Before doing so he said "I have no doubt you thought there was going to be something funny about it."

"You were going to bang the lamps outside someone's flat, or something like that."

"It sounds funny when drunk, but not so funny in the cold light of day."

He told our Linda: "I don't want to run your character but you are now, on your own confession, guilty of stealing. You are a self-confessed thief!"

Presumably he said much the same to her friend, who gave her name as Nicholas Michael Whitlock, 23.

We do not know whether Mr Collins felt it was OK to brand a swimmer in this way, and not a politician's son, or whether he accepted Nicky's plea without query.

But think what fun the Daily Telegraph would have had if they'd known that Whitlock is a spelt Whelan in Australia, and yes, it's other Whelan.

## Hulme & Grovel

About a year ago, Mr Alan Showcross Hulme, went to open the ABC Staff Association's new headquarters (very nice, very plush).

His opening speech was somewhat

## Nick's knack

It is nice to find that, even 32,000 miles away, a politician's son can keep out of the papers.

## PHILIPPS CONT

overshadowed by a much longer and better speech on the air of the ABC by Mr George Whelan. But Mr Holmes was only too happy to try and make up the leeway by informal talks with a potent and ABC types after the ceremony.

Indisputing (as it has been) in the odd glass, he got quite talkative about the ABC and the problems it held for an ordinary, Country Party member like himself. (Mr Holmes is alleged to be the origin of the joke "What does Holmes do?" "He's a country member." "Sure I remember, but what's his job?")

On this occasion, Mr Holmes was unwise enough to talk about censorship, and made the following statement: "Look, there are three books. Now I'm a broad-minded man — I like to have a look at these things as much as the next bloke. I mean, you and I, we'd read them on the plane trip to Melbourne, say. But let's face it, you wouldn't want them lying round your lounge room, would you? And you wouldn't want to see them on the screen."

This remark, being off the record, was not reported. But it illustrates some of the problems Mr Holmes — surely the most untrained man ever to occupy the sensitive post of PMG — faces.

As the old boys of the old boy network avoid him for the programmes on the ABC — "YOUR ABC" as they wistfully describe it, as the postal censor scowls with rage at his apparent inability to understand even the simplest of industrial disputes, as the Minister for Labour and National Service, Mr Hay, repeatedly moves in to pull him out of his latest impasse — in the midst of all this, Mr Holmes goes happily home to his wife, three children and two hothens (hobby and gardening, according to John's Who in Australia).

What hurts him most is to have his Establishment colleagues ask him questions about the ABC which imply that it's all his fault. Surely, no one would be foolishly to watch "the voice of Hertz," as one accessible parliamentarian described it recently — or indeed any programme on which "happens and left wingies are given more of a say than responsible citizens," as one NSW Chief

Secretary Eric Weller's phrase about a programme on bushfires which he didn't see.

Mr Holmes, like everybody else, knows the ABC can be — and is — censored and influenced quietly and efficiently through the old boy network, and knows also that the ABC administration will dump, disown and otherwise mislead staff at the slightest whisper of protest from the Australian Club, the RSL and the DLP, not to mention the personal friends of any commissioner. The only requirement is that the protest must be done quietly — it's no good getting it all in the papers before the corrections can be made.

Mr Holmes's background has always

## Nugget shines

The ABC Guest of Honour program is traditionally a place where English visitors (preferably one who has left about three weeks previously) can reminisce jauntily about his time in the lucky colony.

How surprising therefore to find the first program of 1969 occupied by Dr. H.C. Coombs wearing his hat of Chairman of the Council for Aboriginal Affairs and slating the government for its policy on the Gove peninsula bauxite project.

Dr Coombs said explicitly that Mr Paul Hasluck, when Minister for Territories, had lied about his intentions in the area, that the Government through Nakabele, the Swiss-controlled company, were pursuing a policy of 18th century colonialism, and that the process would seriously destroy the local aboriginal population.

Implicitly he made it clear that the government policy on aborigines added up to lying a little and doing nothing. That was surprising not only because Dr. Coombs is Chairman of a Government appointed committee (without executive power), but also because he managed to get it on to the ABC. Some observers saw the switch from the ABC's

been in the accounting field: he has been on a lot of parliamentary committees to disapprove budgets (he has also been vice consul in Australia for the Republic of Portugal, but that's another story). Thus he is not likely to start moves by the backbenchers (so far unpublished) to amend the act which guarantees the ABC, at least publicly, autonomy in its choice of programming.

It looks depressingly likely that the old boy network, working through the enlightened opinions of men like Malcolm Mackay, Sir Wilfred Kent Hughes and Jim Edden (not to mention Senators Gair and McEwen) will soon be able to do through Parliament what they can now only do through their state

normal policy of gentleman (or "balance", as they prefer to call it) partly in personal terms. Dr. Coombs is an old enemy of the ABC's General Manager, Talbot Duckmanton, and Mr. Duckmanton was only too happy to supply the rope for "Nugget" to hang himself.

But others pointed out that this would suggest a display of independence quite foreign to Duckmanton's normal way of thinking and insinuated that there must have been at least tacit approval from at least one member of the ministry. Naturally they looked no further than Billy Woodward, the Minister for Aboriginal Affairs. Mr Woodward is still smarting from the defeat (or betrayal as he calls it) he suffered over the Gove land rights issue, and a little public opinion on his side would not go badly next time.

Predictably his only comment on "Nugget's" content was "no comment" and respectfully it appears the crusade was more in terms of equal rights in the quantity for Billy Woodward than equal rights in Australia for aborigines. Only two days later Mr Woodward told a Perth conference of student Christians that it was too early to introduce equal wages for aborigines and that it would be decided before they could take their places as full members of the full white community.

On leaving as I tried they knew the words "Mid-bury Hertz" embodied in their memories if not, indeed engraved upon their hearts.



**From our Political Correspondent**  
With 1968, The Year of John Gorton (the unluckiest year in the world) cranking to an end, bored political correspondents accustomed along the silly season by bawping their heads against a wall or interviewing the Prime Minister, according to taste.

The manicheists who had taken the latter course had generally started by asking the man what he had done during the year—a question which invites a reply of two words totalling seven letters, and that, of course, is what they get out of the interview.

That his crinoid statements are given some hidden meaning, his abundant provocations are called caution, his most embarrassing public outbursts are greeted with either apologetic laughter or well-bred sneers, rather as one would treat a drunken spaz who starts drooling at the mouth but can't really help it.

His uncalend and misinformed decisions on oil policy and the MLC (which infuriated cabinet and led to the resignation of some of the few remaining intelligent advisers to the government) are called active and astute; and when he hugs a member of the opposition during the meaningless ritual of a certain motion debate, declares *Wahzing Matilda* (his favourite night club number) in Australia's national song, or opens an obscure (though not as obscure as the Liberal

Party would wish) country show with the words:

*"It ain't raining on me  
It's raining on the ground  
And in every drop  
I see more fodder all around"*

the press pats him indulgently on the head, rather in the manner of a bearded owner grung his retarded dog a benefit.

But, even as the press bends over backwards to pat in John Gorton's pocket (illustrators please note) there are indications that they are not altogether happy. The Melbourne Age's Canberra man, Allen Barnes, somehow missed out on the exclusive interview (half his luck) but did a review of the Year on Gorton. In it, he felt reluctantly compelled to report that there were a lot of scandalous and untrue rumours floating about about Gorton's personal life. Mr Barnes didn't say which rumours he meant.

- (1) that a female member of the Prime Minister's personal staff has had a nervous breakdown,
- (2) that a female reporter was dismissed from her job after a very late party hosted by Gorton wound up in the residence of the American ambassador,
- (3) that Lisa Maselli, a female singer who performed in *Chaquers* recently, is writing a piece for the English magazine *Private Eye* on the time she met Gorton in her dressing room,

(4) that a couple of staff members from *Pure Match* are floating around Canberra gathering material for a piece tentatively titled "Les Amours de Jean Gils Gorton."

There are others still less likely, such as the cryptic inscription "Gorton sucks pigs", painted on a wall in Newtown. But, having indignantly denied that Mr Gorton's personal life is anything less than angelic, Mr Barnes went on to admit (in the *OZ* award for understatement of the year) that the Prime Minister has been known to host a drink after work.

However, assuming the Liberals are unhappy about John Grey and would like to replace him (assuming the man might rise tomorrow) it will still be hard for them. The McMahon-McEwen feud is still bubbling behind the scenes and even if the idea now being complacently canvassed in the Liberal pubs of making McEwen Governor-General and McMahon Ambassador to Washington were feasible (it isn't), the succession problem would be a hard one. The out and thrust (not to mention stab and gouge) in the cabinet is as unwholesome as ever, and it is not helped by the fact that the man who seems to carry most weight with Gorton is not a Liberal at all, but the westerly Mr McMahon.

The Labor party is in its usual state of total warfare, and as Whitlam continues happily about health and urban development, the Left and Right have quietly agreed that loyal old Lance Bennett is the man to step in after the next defeat.

Senator Garr, the Prime Minister in shadow, who (in spite of what Gorton said) was the man who stopped the early election, is becoming progressively (if one can use the word in his context) more powerful, and it would appear that 1969 (not to mention 1970, 1971, 1972, etc) should see us sliding gently backwards into the sunset.

As Mr Gorton said: "It ain't raining on me . . ." It isn't raining. It's on it's raining on, and it's raining out.

# Soul Brother Hubbard

One of the problems facing those who want to ban Scientology is that, as no one knows quite what it is, no one knows what to ban.

Victoria took the easy way out and banned the cult in 1978. Western Australia decided to pursue a version of open-mindedness as to whether it is a religion or not, and, in some of the most unlikely sounding legislation of the decade, has merely made it an offence to claim to diagnose emotional reactions by the use of an electric galvanometer — apparently an essential part of the young scientist's progress towards becoming a Tithian. New South Wales and South Australia appear likely to take similar action, in spite of vigorous protests by such talented defenders of civil liberties as Don Dinstein and Professor Henry Mayer, both of whom apparently (and quite logically) see Scientology as another mine for less of a nuclear trap than any other organized cult or religion.

Asked to describe scientology in a single sentence, the British Home Secretary, Mr Richard Crossman, told the House of Commons "It's a fraud," and quickly sat down again. It undoubtedly is — but it's a fraud of Hitlerian magnitude.

In 1952 an American called Martin Gardner wrote an excellent book called *Math and Fallacies*, in which, along with Pythagoras, Homocipiti and Flat Earthers, he devoted a chapter to Dianetics — as the primitive version of Scientology was called. Most of the following information is taken from this book (reprinted by Dover in 1957).

Mr Gardner's documentation is impeccable, and will not be repeated. But one thing he apparently missed in the story of the start of Scientology, a story as cynically impossible that he may have decided to ignore it as another lie, or fallacy. This story goes that shortly after the war, a group of science fiction writers held a somewhat drunken gathering in California (where else?) in which

they ended up discussing ways of making money. Among these present was certainly John W Campbell Junior, editor of *Analog* (now editor of *Analog*), and early supporter of Dianetics; another probable guest was A.E. Van Vogt, a good, but mad, author.

The meeting ended with the decision that the best possible way to get rich quick would be to found a "scientific religion", and laughing, they departed. But from the back of the room's quiet, profile (but unfortunately semi-literate) author walked out with the air of a man who has finally heard the call. He was, of course, Lafayette Ronald Hubbard.

His first book, *Discover the Modern Science of Mental Healing*, appeared in 1950, with a big blurb by John Campbell (who described himself, quite inaccurately, as a nuclear physicist). Dianetics says all mental ill are caused by "engrams", which are misinterpreted or distorted memories of things that happened in youth, in stress, or in extreme cases before conception. Aided by a trained "auditor" the patient recalls these events, and is cured.

So far, so harmless, although this very rough and ready form of psychoanalysis seems unlikely to produce the superman (or "clear") Hubbard claims it will (Hubbard, incidentally, is not himself a "clear", he explained recently that he didn't have the time, preferring to spread the gospel instead.)

But, quite apart from the large amount of money the auditors managed to gouge out of two Tricky-like patients, there were signs that they used other, less harmless methods: Madman was buried at various forms of mental — sometimes even physical — coercion. However, as no patient ever complained to the police, not much could be done to stop it, if in fact the reasons were true.

Meanwhile Hubbard continued to write, his books getting wilder and wilder. He dabbled in concentration and other forms of occultism, and in 1952

almost published *Exorcism*, which must be the most sensible book ever printed.

Stories in science fiction magazines revealed that Hubbard gained the information for *Exorcism*, while dead for eight minutes during an operation. It contained the basic metaphysical secrets of the universe.

About another of his books, *Self Analysis*, Mr Hubbard was more modest. "Self Analysis cannot rescue the dead," he wrote. "Self Analysis cannot empty insane asylums or stop wars. These are the tasks of the dianetic auditor and the group dianetic technique."

Maybe the stars of it all was too much for Hubbard, shortly after it was published his third wife, Sara Northrup Hubbard, successfully sued for divorce, claiming Hubbard was a paranoid schizophrenic, that he had tortured her during pregnancy, and in the opinion of doctors was hopelessly insane.

If he was, he gibbered all the way to the bank. After a short break, Dianetics was reborn as Scientology, and Hubbard, having awarded himself a doctorate of Scientology, was back to tell the nation that each of them had a "theta being" that had been around for 74 trillion years, and that the revival of the dead by the use of dianetics was just around the corner. A.E. Van Vogt called this "the first scientifically acceptable investigation of the idea of the human soul."

As can be seen from all this, it is not easy to frame laws against Scientology which do not set a rather nasty precedent. If you believe — as most "liberals" do — that everyone is entitled to hold whatever crazy beliefs he wishes, as long as they don't hurt anyone else, it is very hard to ban Scientology. You may be convinced that it is nonsense, at best a fraud and at worst a violent confidence trick: but there are many who don't. And there are a lot of people who would say the same about, say, the Offing system of the Roman Catholic Church.

Certainly, salvation through dianetics is no more (or less) insane an idea than the not so old-fashioned idea of salvation through buying an indulgence, or, for that matter, the very modern idea of salvation through ANGUS. And it isn't anything like as destructive, or expensive, as the latter.

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# MEDIA/TEDIA

## APOLOGY

In the "Media Tedia" of last issue we predicted, in error, the demise of the magazine *People*. *People* is in fact very much alive and living on Broadway (Sydney). Perhaps we were confusing it with *Life*, which folded at that time. Oh *Life*, Oh *People* - how you confuse us!

When a compositor on the *Sydney Sun* recently threw in his resignation, he was asked to put it in writing. He did - in the stop press column of the early afternoon edition. It was removed thereafter.

Four weeks before it all happened, the *Sydney Morning Herald* booked a reporter and photographer into a Springwood hotel to await the busload they knew would come. One twist they never became as bored as to go out with blinding eyes and matches and get the bloody thing over and done with.

Peter Clifton's latest little enterprise is to tick his name on to a recent film length collection of the *New Times* TV series. He's logging it to the cinema circuit under the title of *The Deal*.

## Historical Relics

Here is your last chance to pick up back issues of OZ. The following are available in limited supply. After three months all back issues in our possession are to be destroyed. Some day yours will become collectors' items. Only 10c each for the following or \$1.50 for the lot: Nos. 3, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 19, 20, 21, 23-40.

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Go on. After that he can always turn it into a radio serial.

Lee Robinson's *Fanny* films are bounding to the bank with *Slippy* the Kangaroo. Although *Slippy* is dragging in big money from the States, the film alone accounts for only a third of the gross. The rest is made from commercial endorsements. In some areas, only the backing of Kellogg is getting the stars on air.

No one is begrudging Robinson a comfortable old age, after all, his earlier adventures began with Chips Rafferty lost. But *Slippy*'s success could well lead to a rash of tap-dancing anti-cosers and yodelling wankers.

The Living Theatre Group recently displayed its varied talents at the Yale Drama School with a quartet of noisy electronic hokum. The closing piece - *Paradise Now* - involved audience abuse, interspersed with graphic sex scenes. After a particularly vociferous anti-capitalist money-burning scene, one person remarked "These people keep saying money means nothing, but I notice they charged me four dollars to get in."

Admitted free were the New Haven cops who arrested the Group's husband and wife directors, Julius Beck and Judith Malone.

Commenting on his decision, Police Chief Abene said "All the rest of the world may be a stage, but not the corner of York and Chapel."

Whatever happened to Muhammad Ali? A full page ad in *Vanity*, *Amateur* shows his mug, unnoted that the former Cassius Clay is now available for lectures, nation wide touring tour, personal appearances, theatre, country fairs, arenas, colleges and one-nighters.

A few months ago, three Greek writers were arrested for contributing

to a Greek camp magazine *Ellinika*. In it they described Oenochres, Anachylas and Sophocles as queens and explained that pederasty was not held to be unusual in the classical era.

When they were suddenly released from trial, it was found that the writers intended to quote from the present Greek Minister for Education's article in the 1935 Greek Encyclopedia in which he praised different homosexuality.

A few days after their release, the writers were summoned to the office of Mr. Levas, the General Secretary of the Ministry of Public Order and whipped about the face with the butt of the Minister's revolver.

"We are desiring," wrote Kenneth Tynan, "in the present Greek context, with pain."

Two notes from the publishing world

MacMillan's, who, it will surprise no one to learn, are publishing the autobiography of their chairman, Harold Shipman, are waiting again to find out what the third volume will be called.

The first was *Wreck of Change*, the second *Shores Over Seas*. Betting at the firm favours a combination of the meteorological motif in *Barbecue Christmas*.

In Australia, Landslide are getting their teeth in preparation for the release of another book of autobiographical messages - by none other than Arthur Calwell.

We are told Arthur regards it as a complete answer to a book called *Afternoon Light* by the former member for Kooyong.

One story is that Arthur is determined to one up *Afternoon Light* in every respect, even the frontspace, and is at present desperately searching for a portrait of himself with a greater celebrity than the late Sir Winston Churchill (pictured with Sir Robert in *Afternoon Light*).

But whatever the outcome of this latest confrontation between our retired bigheads, Arthur must take points for the title. His book - or at least Volume One of it - is to be called *Going Down Fighting*.